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The Omen

Volume 5, Number 2
Feb-Brew-Ary 10, 1995

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David Wilcox.....Graphics Editor
Stephanie Cole.....Watchtower Editor
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Aaron Mulvany.....Section Hate Editor

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Josh Brassard.....Notes From Limboland
Matthew Flaming.....Thoughts After Midnight
Lauren Ryder.....Sexcratery

CONTRIBUTORS

TFH of the WSP

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527), or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?

"Wash your Butt" -Flavor Flav

CONTENTS

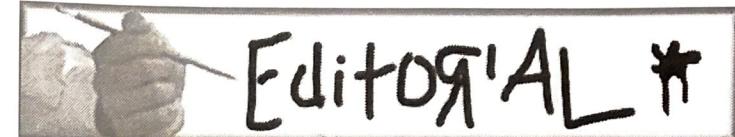
Page 3.....Another Omen
Contest!!!

Page 4.....Senator Mulvany
and The Confession of a
Royal Coup Planner

Page 5.....Spring...Hippies

Page 6.....Whine, Whine,
Whine.

Page 7.....Music a la
Piekut



Contest!!! Win Big Type!!!

Hi kids, I didn't feel like writing an editorial for this week, so I loaded a twelve-word sentence (plus a period) into a random number generator to produce a sub-standard editorial. The funny thing is, this editorial wastes much less space than the Phoenix always does, and it's more coherent!

The contest is: If you can put the twelve words in the correct order (I'll give you the period at the end), you will win THE GRAND PRIZE. What's THE GRAND PRIZE? Your name in 72pt type and an opportunity to supply twelve words for the next time I don't want to do an editorial. Send your guesses to box 527. Here goes nothing:

students_something_re retarded_film_something _something_students_do_students_wrong_constructive_of_all_all_students_all_something_all_of_with_you_you_with_constructive_you_something_all_What's_all_you_students_constructive_you_all_re retarded_What's_you_students_students_wrong_all_students_re retarded_with_constructive_wrong_What's_students_wrong_students_wrong_you_constructive_with_something_you_something_with_do_of_film_reta reded_students_film_of_something_do_film_re retarded_with_constructive_do_What's_of_constructive_with_film_film_do_all_wrong_with_What's_wrong_you

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Omen

SECTION HATE

Shaking Babies, and Kissing Hands

I am announcing my candidacy for the Student Senate this week. Why did I decide to run? Well, it was actually somebody else that nominated me, but they must have done it for a reason, although I just cannot fathom what it might have been. All I can say is this: whatever your reasons are Stanley, I appreciate the tacit support.

So what am I going to do, or rather, why should you elect me to represent you? To my mind, the reasons are simple, if somewhat naive. Probably the foremost reason for me agreeing to run is that I have no idea what the student government on this campus does, or what it is capable of doing, and there exists no better way to learn than to leap head-long into the unknown abyss. But the very idea that I could be responsible for shaping this community in my own image gives me chills.

Of course, I am completely willing to act as a figure-head for someone more power-hungry than myself, but I suggest you make your offers sweet and soon, 'cuz I'm not going to be some last minute dandy doing the will of an inscrutable toff.

This, of course brings me to my next reason for running. Were you planning on putting it in a fuckin' meat locker till next winter? I do however want to

namely that it is easier to act upon my own interests when I hold a position of nominal power. I will grant that the Student Senate has not made its presence felt for some time, but I feel that, with the right people, we can bring the administration to its knees and force our own wills upon the rest of you. There is truly no better reason to act than to act for your own selfish interests (and, of course, those of your comrades in academia).

Finally, what better way to pad my applications to graduate school than to be able to say that I was a member of the student government? And what bet-

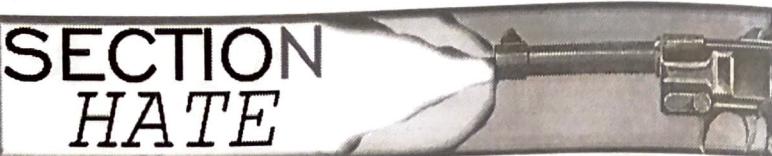
Aaron Mulvaney

A Confession

O.K., I admit it. I'm the person who destroyed the Snow Queen a little while back, and if you have a problem with that, FUCK YOU! I agree that it was a nice sculpture, but as one great philosopher once said, all good things must come to an end, and I just wanted to be there when it happened. I still can't believe all the shit that happened because of it, for Christ's sakes people GET FUCKIN' LIVES, it was just a temporary sculpture anyway!

TFH OF THE WSP.

[Ed.'s note: Would the author of this pleasemake themself available for responses? Thanks.]



Ah, Spring...Hippies in the Mud

Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the author himself - he might just

sense of it, at least) that makes people want to share with the rest of the world. It is as if the warmer weather awakens some long-forgotten part of the soul - or maybe it's a shift in the electrochemical balance in the brain?

- that screams, "I must let everyone experience the beauty that is my existence! My music must be at top volume so everyone can hear it! I must not shower, so everyone can experience my gorgeous scent! . . ." Et cetera, et cetera, blah, blah, fep. Let me make a request, kiddies: please don't share. I can respect your musical tastes (even if I don't like what you're listening to) but not when your musical tastes are invading my brain incessantly, when there is no escape from the same goddamn endless 20-minute Grateful Dead guitar solo recorded live at Nassau Coliseum. I must've failed kindergarten, because I don't believe in sharing - at least not in this sense. Keep your speakers pointed indoors. Take your drum circles somewhere other than the quad . . . the Pine Forest comes to mind . . . deep, deep in the Pine Forest . . . some people like to sleep at four in the morning, and it's trying, especially for those of us who live quad-side (applicable to all, really, except for those who live in Greenwich), when you've got the sound of ten people playing drums just slightly out of rhythm assaulting your ears. Funny that.

Frolick all you want, just don't share.

Tatter, tatter, toil and splatter, thoughts to burn and brains to scatter...

And then there's the whole logo fiasco. The controversy and outrage has really blossomed since last I wrote about it. Everyone's talking about it. Hell, we've even got that nice little comic blasting the administration for the logo (unsigned, of course . . . I really wish people on this campus would own up to their opinions. What the fuck are they going to do, kick you off campus for expressing how you feel about a given issue? Remember the First Amendment? You know, to the Constitution? You learned about it in high school. Free speech . . . remember that?). It's amusing. No, really, it is. I just love watching people trying to change something that can't be changed. Like I said in my article about the logo a couple of weeks ago, it's too late for us to do anything about it. Money has been paid, goods received . . . there's nothing the administration could do, even if they wanted to. It's too late, kids! You can be pissed all you want, but you've got to resign yourself to the fact that the logo is here to stay, for a while anyway. Don't bother emailing Greg (like the note on the bitchboard at Saga keeps urging y'all to do) to tell him to change the logo back - it's not going to do anything. Do you all honestly believe that Greg reads his email? It probably gets read for him by his secretary,

Continued on page 8

It Wasn't My Fault. Really.

I learned a very important lesson two weeks ago, one that I was sure would come up sooner or later. Being an intern does have a down side at times. The Volume 5, Number 2 issue of *The Omen* contained an editorial by Jon Land regarding the January 30 Merrill Coffeehouse. Evidently, myself and my colleague, Nathaniel Antman were found to be incompetent by Jon. I would like to respond to his concerns.

First of all, Jon (and only Jon) [*Staff note: Um, I seem to remember being asked to M.C. the coffeehouse myself, but I had to turn it down because of a time conflict.* - *Josh Brassard*] was asked to M.C. the coffeehouse after Nat discovered he was unable to perform the task himself. He had just picked up an off campus class which conflicted with the event, thus presenting a need for a new M.C. My joking manner of asking Jon (i.e. no racial epithets) was, it seems, taken all too seriously as some kind of insult. I have in fact had issues with his articles in the past, and for good reason in my humble opinion. However, as a friend, my 'conditions' in asking him to be a part of the event were put forth in a light hearted manner. Evidently, my humor is even worse than his.

As the 30th approached, there were numerous schedule changes due to cancellations, additions, etc. The schedule Jon received was completed shortly beforehand. As a quick example of final hour complications, two

acts canceled the night of the coffeehouse. This is not uncommon with coffeehouses, or other large scale events. Anyone who has been involved in the organizational aspect of such an event could tell you that. Also not out of the ordinary was the ever changing order of performers and lengths of performances. Timing was askew from the get go, when an act requiring pre performance set up had forty minutes worth of trouble getting into the Music Building to get their equipment. I did not, however, feel that it was necessary to break into said building to keep the schedule from being juggled. Some acts arrived late, others failed to appear, and still others ran over their allotted time. These factors prevented the schedule from solidifying quite a few times, and was handled, as it always is, as well as possible by organizers, Media Services [Ed's note: ???], and performers. One person slated to appear was pushed back about an hour, and was 100% understanding. What a concept!

The list of performers mentioned by Jon did, in fact, have some information about the performers. For example, "two original pieces on piano." Rather self explanatory, or at least so it seems to me. Nat also managed with ease to spend one minute asking each act if there was a preferred introduction. Regarding the confusing aspects of the listing, I freely admit that William and Company were written up as having four to five members. Alas, I

Continued on next page

too counted six on stage. However, the idea of yanking one of them off stage because he wasn't expected just didn't appeal to me.

I apologize to the performer who was nearly left out. As mentioned by Jon, he did in fact play, and yes, was moved from one slot to another as much as were the rest of the performers. But I digress. As for last minute requests to perform, I heard them too. As did Nat. We were stressed too, and tried to make it all work smoothly. I guess the difference was that we couldn't quit on it.

I would like to thank the many people that made the coffeehouse a success. My fellow SAMs, House Staff, Merrill, Dakin and Mod residents that lent a helping hand. Particularly, I owe a great deal to Nat, who was on the ball and supportive all night, and Shawn Cucci and Media Services, who were recipients of a bunch of schedule changes without a single complaint. Of course, we at Merrill House also owe a huge thank you to the performers for their patience and excellent work.

All in all, I learned a lot about my job as a "brand new SAM." I learned that I love it for all the wonderfully supportive people I come in contact with. I only wish I could count Jon among them. In addition, I would just like to finish with an apology for the fact that I did not have this commentary ready for last week's issue of *The Omen*. Perhaps I would have if I had been aware of



A Couple of Live Shows

Hello, hello, hello. I am running low on money lately, so instead of getting records to review, I went to a couple of shows. I realize that by the time you read this, these shows will be long gone, but it's the only way we can do this.

Walleye/Damnation @ the Tavern, Feb. 16. I was really excited about this show, because it seems to me that the AMC finds the shittiest bands they can to get to play on campus. However, I had heard a few songs by Walleye, and I knew that they weren't shitty. Damnation, on the other hand, I had never heard.

"Scarlette" Continued

Continued from previous page
Jon's editorial earlier, if *The Omen* were delivered to Merrill on time. [Ed's note. *It was out on time (early in SAGA and the post office, are you aware of where these places are on campus? Seek and ye shall find.)*]

Signing off in sincerity,
Tasha "Scarlette" Hook

[Ed's note: P.S. Nice ending. You're absolutely right, I wish you future successes in your Merrill programming as well.]

In Vain opened the show. You know, *some* people might say that hardcore is a played-out genre. They're right. Besides, how are we supposed to like In Vain's songs if *they* don't even like them? Ending a set with, "We're In Vain....we suck" hasn't been known to whip a crowd into a frenzy. Watching the singer made me have to go to the bathroom, and halfway through the first song, I began wondering if Seinfeld was a rerun that night.

Walleye played next, and they weren't really as good as I thought they would be. Don't get me wrong—they rocked. But it's like my friend Nouri said, they are repetitive, and they sound a whole lot like Seaweed. Nonetheless, they played a short but good set (I was hoping they'd play "Of a Lesser Degree," but they skipped it).

The prospect of free pancakes lured me away from the Tavern while Damnation was setting up, and I never made it back to see them. Sorry.

Blonde Red-head/Flycatcher/
Tizzy @ Bay State,

Feb. 17. Now here's a real rock'n'roll show!

I reviewed a Tizzy single in the

last *Omen*, and I wasn't sure if I was sold on them or not. When I got to the Bay State, they were halfway through their set, and they were really rockin'. There were a lot of people crowded into the back room to listen to them, so they didn't seem like an opening band at all.

Tizzy played loud and fast, and had a surprisingly full sound for a three-piece. Their set was ended with two scorching numbers, "Lavasurfer," and "Wives should be Kissed and not Heard," both of which had a great Mission of Burma-like quality that really impressed me. I can't wait to see and hear more from this local band.

Flycatcher had the difficult job of following Tizzy, and, I guess, did an adequate job. They played punk rawk in the fullest sense of the term, which started

Continued on next page

TO:
JON LAND

BOX 527

Music Review Continued

Continued from previous page

out a little sloppy, but got tighter towards the end. Pleasant to watch, but not groundbreaking.

Speaking of groundbreaking, Blonde Redhead isn't, really; but Sonic Youth is (was), and BR worships them. So what if they are playing songs that sound like Sonic Youth ten years ago? It's still good, and a lot better than most of the dreck out there.

Compared to the frantic energy of Tizzy and Flycatcher, Blonde Redhead was really mellow and subdued, which got some of the beer-drinkin' boys a little restless, but I was totally into their detuned tunes. The woman guitarist/vocalist (who's name I don't know) was amazing to watch, and by the end of the night, I was in love. They played a pretty short set, stopping between songs to ask if they had played enough, and to tune their guitars and mess around with effects, which they relied on heavily.

I was really glad I went to

this show—all three bands were entertaining to watch, and I'm definitely going to go the record

store and get Blonde Redhead's album on Smells Like Records. You should, too.

Limoland Cont.

Continued from page 5

who passes on only the most important stuff to ol' baldy himself.

I just find it interesting that the college went to an outside design studio for the new logo, when there are plenty of talented artists and the like on this campus, both student and faculty. There could have been a contest, open to the community, to design a new logo, and then we could've voted on it, and boom! All the college would have had to pay was the printing. I can't follow the logic behind the administration's decision to go off campus for the design. It doesn't make sense. In fact, it seems like pure idiocy. I don't know why I'm surprised, though. It's not like idiocy in the administration is anything new. Ah, bureaucracy . . . I love it. The

yours truly. Oh, before I forget, one last thing . . . I have heared, through my "sources" (chuckle), that some of you out there in Camp Hamp were offended by my last article. Well, why didn't you respond? I'm not going to apologize for what I said - that would just be too silly - but I will say this: I was venting in a public forum. Maybe I shouldn't have done this, but what's done is done, and, besides, you should take everything you read with a grain of salt. Anyway, if this has spurred anyone to respond to me, my extension is 5225, my box is 21, and my email address is either jbrassard@hamp or jobF92@hamp. Or write something for The Omen, if you're so inclined. Vent and bitch in a public forum. Everyone else here does.

So, until next time, kiddies, remember: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Thppth.

Josh Brassard

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Just sign the square below, tear your copy of The Omen, and drop it in the mail slot on the front door.

sign me up, bastard!

Yes, I would like my very own copy of **The Omen** delivered to me via my front door every week.

Box #



nectar of the gods.
Or something.

Might as well get used to our multi-colored blocks, 'cause they're here to stay.

And that's it from Limoland for this week. Come back next time, folks, for more scatter-brained and largely pointless ramblings from

**The Fugitive:
Jonathan Land,
1995**

